

APA-FILK

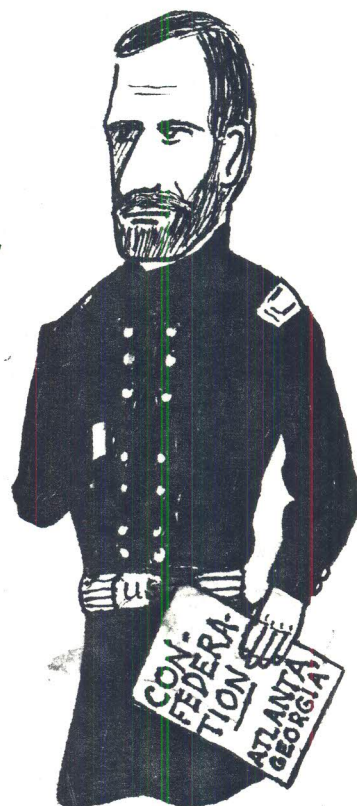
#31

AUGUST 1986

♪ WHILE WE WERE
MARCHING THROUGH
NOSTOR! ♪

GENERAL SHERMAN! ONE
OF OUR PIPERS IS FILKING
IN THE RANKS!

WAR IS
HELL.



SPECIAL WORLDCON ISSUE

SINGSPIEL

31st Stanza
APA-Filk #31

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th Street
#4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229, July 26, 1986

Not much filksinging at Disclave, other than what began as a political discussion with Lee Burwasser in the Fan Lounge ~~with Lee Burwasser~~ and Mike Rubin joining a Midnight Howl. NYClone was a very different story. Roberta Rogow participated in the Friday Night Concert and there was lively filksinging (which she and John Boardman participated in - as the person in charge of panels I had to get up early) though at times it competed with a piano bar.

----- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #30 -----

COVER/Boardman: Nice selection. God Save the King. Groblasta tormly.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: In my first issue of Singspiel I reprinted some Gilbert&Sullivan filksongs written before WWII by a colleague of my mother's at the NYC Dept of Welfare (now Social Services); also see below. Also, our "Libya the Cockeyed Country" is current, especially Abby's "But hit the deck! Here comes an RDF Team!" Roberta mentions Leslie Fish did one "Khadafi's Privateers".

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: Balticon is just too close to Lunacon weekend for me to be able to afford both (and it sounds like this year even without Lunacon it wouldn't have been affordable). // I agree, concern about tune copyrights is killing parody filk. (How many more filksongs can use "Green-sleeves", "Battle Hymn of the Republic" or "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"? Even Weird Al is affected.) Writing original tunes is wonderful, but it's folk not filk. After saying all this, you filk Fish? // Sharon Baker proudly wears a button "First Generation Trekkie 6609.8". // Oh good, Conan gets ~~zapped~~ squashed. The Bermuda Triangle (or whatever a 2-sided figure is) have a gig at Speakeasy the night of (after) collation.

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN/Harold Groot: Filksongs dominated Boskone's concert this year (plus there was a lot of filking and the Filksong Contest), and NYClone, as I said, had Roberta in its concert. (At the gripe session we were criticized for having Trekfilk on the concert program.) // Actions like Asprin's are one reason some people prefer room filking.

ISOSCAN/Matthew Marcus: Having experienced Mussolini's Revenge and the Franco Flamenco, I should warn your readers that antibiotics may temporarily worsen a case of la turista. // Most-ose?

LASER BEATLES? Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, or rubies?

NUKE THE KAZOO/Mike Rubin: Agree; protest singers may try to convert but are mostly preaching to the converted. Andy Breckman tells how at an Earth Day gathering he was wildly applauded for profound lyrics like "Pollution is a bad thing (if you like it you're a fool)". // Re Balticon, do you know "The Crash Space Jig"? Then there's my own "Freeloading Phil the Crasher" (tune "Barnacle Bill"): "Who's that sleeping on my floor?" Or:

Just when you thought you were too old for hotel room-stuffing (3X).
They came along with \$90 room-nights. (MLB)

As a matter of fact, next year's Balticon won't be back there.

The idea for the following came to me during an APA-NY collation and coalesced hearing Tony Azito (the Sergeant in Pirates of Penzance) as Feste in the Central Park production of Twelfth Night: (Repeat last 3 syllables)

When a fan is out pursuing his enjoyment, He loves nothing more than going to a con. It provides needed escape from his employment. As a hobby it's been called a goddamned one. // Or the fan may occupy himself with fanzines; Cartoons or filking might help ease one's strife; Or dressing up when out making the fan scene. No hobby - Fandom is a Way of Life.

MB

JERSEY FLATS #8, July 1986

Roberta Rogow, Other Worlds Books, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn NJ 07410-1124

I didn't get any feedback on what to do with REC-ROOM RHYMES.. so I went ahead, and did REC-ROOM RHYMES:THE TAPE. All Star Trek songs, with added instrumentals. It's a thing a beauty, and it's already into its second printing (which means that for the first time in my career as an amateur press I've underestimated)...I'll have them at WorldCon...

In fact, I did so well with #1 that I'm taping REC-ROOM RHYMES:TAKE TWO tonight (July 22). This one will have "mixed media"...things like the songs for "Ladyhawke" and "Starman", and the Indy Jones Diet Song, and "Chandler's Books", which no one ever gets to hear, because I can't get enough A.B. Chandler fans to sit at a filksing to listen to it.

Both tapes will be at WorldCon...or you can order them direct from me, at \$8.00 plus \$1.00 for postage. (EACH, not together!)

END OF PLUG.

CONVENTION DOINGS.

I've been travelling -- not necessarily to the Golden Gate, but certainly up and down the Eastern Seaboard, with a side trip to Michigan...

MediaWest Con is basically media...it's the big gathering of the fan-writers and fanzine readers in Lansing, run by the remnants of the U. of Michigan (or is it Michigan State?) Star Trek club...the emphasis is MEDIA, and especially fanzines. This is THE place to stock up on 'zines...if a fanzine doesn't sell there, it's dead, Jim! I sold a LOT of 'zines! (I also picked up some to sell back East...but that's another story!) I had story conferences, I did the "Revolting Troll" costume (didn't win anything), and I did some filking...there was a 'round robin' on Sunday nite...Laurel Gugin and I playing "can you top this" for three hours during the Art Auction(I picked up a snappy drawing of Don Johnson as Sonny Crockett, and an enamel-painted ring)...The real fun came when there was a small disturbance in the hotel that brought the Michigan State Troopers in...just about the time we hit the raunchier verses of "That REAL Old-Time Religion"...the Trooper looked in for several choruses, then decided we weren't holding a Revival after all.

LastCon was a small but fun one, in Albany...the hotel was a treat (once you found it),,,sort of built around a series of courtyards, with facades on the rooms like an old New England Town Square. A lot of the dealers who couldn't get table space set up shop in their rooms facing into the courtyard...I didn't get one of those, but I did get the next-best thing...a room right next to the elevator as you went to the rooms behind the ones facing the courtyard. The real treat for me was getting to hear Robin McKinley's speech..for those of you who aren't into Juveniles or Fantasy, she won the Newbery Award last year for her Juvenile Fantasy The Hero and the Crown. She gave pithy dissections of current and past SF/Fantasy writers... Heinlein, Moore, et. al...most of them she loathes, some she cheers. No, I will not tell you which!

Filking at LastCon was kinda fun... general round-robin again; small but select group.

Creation Con/June...why do I go to these things? Because they give me a free table, and I get a lot of money, and ego-boo. For this I also take a lot of hassle... in this case, the Luboviches were having their Annual Dinner, and the upstairs ballroom (where I set up the store) had to be cleared...which meant I lost the better part of Sunday's sales. I did get a full 1/2 hour set, however...Oh well, win some, lose some.

NY-Clone...What can you say about a Con that has three changes of hotel, two changes of date, and more changes of committee chair than I could keep up with? It was...small. Amend that: 250 people rattling around in a huge hotel...50 bodies in the "Performance Room" of whom 25 were performers...Fred Kuhns trying his damndest to keep things going to the "great assemblage of chairs"...a magnificent sound system that didn't get there until 7 PM (when we were supposed to start the thing!)... Lots of great music going to waste, unless (as I hope they do) they distill it down to a 'NY-CLONE TAPE', so that the rest of humanity could hear. Never have so many sung so well to so few...except in a studio situation, and THEN it's supposed to be that way! This was definitely the Con that Fans Forgot...I went with the idea that I wasn't going to have a good time, and was pleasantly surprised...I enjoyed myself once I decided that this was a relax-a-con, and I wasn't going to sell anything, so I might as well sit, do my needlework, and hear the speakers...who were worth hearing. Especially a panel on Humor with Chris Stasheff and Alexis Gilliland, and a panel on editing with George Scithers holding the floor.

My only regret was that I was staying with a friend (I didn't want to tie myself to the hotel) and she conked out at midnight and tore me away from a promising Round-Robin filk.

Shore Leave...This is the big fanzine con of the summer, and I was a sort-of guest. I say sort-of because I wasn't asked to do anything...they just gave me a free table and turned me loose on the Con! Two of the "big stars" conked out...Roger C. Carmel got a better (acting) job...and no one knows whether Judson Scott or his agent was too drunk to answer the phone! Performance filk featured groups: Denebian Slime, Kobayashi Maru Glee Club, and a Canadian group that sang barbershop style...really neat stuff. (Query: are these groups strictly an East-Coast phenomenon? And why?)

Best part of the Con for filkers was the performance by Technical Difficulties, which is the name Shiela Willis, T.J. Burnside and Linda Melnick have for their trio. They're also doing a tape...GET IT! They do close harmony, they are all good singers, and their repertoire includes songs by Fish, ~~Eeklar~~, and themselves. (They are also re-setting my lyrics to "The Ship", since they can't record anything that's already under copyright.)

The Round Robin filk was a modified disaster...the damned Con. committee couldn't find a room for the filking, so we had to move farther and farther down the hall until no one could find us...Greg Baker will tell the rest of this tale himself, since he was the one most affected by it.

The combination of Baker and Rogow seems to pry loose the creative juices...Greg and I wrote a couple of filks sitting at my table...and I came up with the following verses that will be especially poignant for those of us who must travel to Cons on the Eastern Corridor...it's an "open-ended" filk, by the way...I'm sure the traffic situation in Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles and Points In Between will be able to add verses that skewer the Transit Commissions of those towns:

HOTEL SEARCH

(to the tune of "Windmills" or "Obloids" or whatever you want to call it)

CHORUS:

And Around and around and around goes the traffic,
Left turn and right turn to find the hotel;
We are the children of the God of Directions,
For love of SF we must go through this hell.

The streets up in Boston were laid out as cow-paths,
They change name each time that they veer left or right;
It's freezing in winter, it bakes in the summer,
And still the hotel's lurking just out of sight!

New York is solid, it really looks easy,
 With streets all laid out in a grid, nice and square;
 But New York is moving, and always un-building,
 There's no guarantee the hotel will be there!

Beware when you travel within Philadelphia,
 You'll get lost at once, whether it's night or day;
 "Turn left off the highway" it says in 'Directions',
 They don't mention City Hall's right in the way!

Our Nation's Capital's laid out in circles,
 But none of them's willing to house a hotel;
 Fans have to travel out to Alexandria,
 No one else wants them, or else they won't tell!

Of all of the places to hold a Convention,
 The worst one by far is downtown Baltimore;
 All the pedestrians travel the walkways,
 The cars are tied up while they rebuild the shore!

So where can we go to hold our Conventions?
 We need somewhere central, that's both cheap and large...
 Downtown's impossible, so are "the boonies",
 Maybe next year we will just rent a barge!

COMMENTS TO OTHER PEOPLE:

HAROLD GROOT: Ouch! Bob Aspirin isn't the only one who does this...I found myself taking over at LastConand NY-Clone...mostly because there wasn't anyone else, and things started to deteriorate. There sometimes comes a moment when SOMEONE must DO Something...But if I ever get too snotty, you have my permission to sing this at me and I'll shut up (for about five minutes!)

MATTHEW MARCUS: Sounds like I am torn between my love of filk and my love of money. I was in Blatimore in the snow while all this fun was going on. And I've started taking a sheaf of words to my "new stuff" with me...or looking at the ceiling when I go dry. Imagine the words are stretched out across the plaster. It works!

MICHEAL RUBIN: I know the guy's name, I just forgot for a minute. I'm rotten on names! So if I look blankly at you or peer at your badge in a Con, I'm not rude, I'm just stupid! And the song you wrote for BaltiCon goes double about Shore Leave, which was held ten blocks away from any form of edible cheap food. I slogged to harbor-place ONCE -- in that heat, I deceded to risk bankruptcy rather than heat-stroke!

TYPISTS APOLOGY: On re-reading my last JERSEY FLATS I realized that I'd left a lot of interesting typos in the copy. I rip this off at the Ridgefield Library in my lunch hour and don't always get time to proofread. Soooo....if you see any really good ones...keep them for the files. Believe me...I know they are there! (now, anyway.)

ROGOW'S OUTRAGEOUS OPINIONS, or, Answer to John Boardman On the Efficacy of Protest Songs: I tend to get snappish about certain things, but they are rarely political in nature...I guess I've just got this idea that some things are better left to the People In Charge. On the other hand...it's up to us to choose the People In Charge, which is the nice thing about living in a democracy, even a flawed one like ours. So I don't write political filk...except for this one, which is as controversial as I am ever going to get:

4.

SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING

(to the tune of the same name)

Somebody's knocking, I must let him in,
Says he's the Devil, to collect for my sins;
He's tall and handsome, he smokes a cheroot,
He wears a Brooks Brothers suit...

I said "Oh, no, sir, there's been some mistake,
"Find someone else, I'm not the one you should take;
"I'm sweet and gentle, I've always been good,
"I went to church when I could!"

He said, "You see, I've got you on my list,
"It's underlined, you won't be missed, oh!
"We've got a place for you down there,
"A cosy spot, it's where the warmongers go!" (ME? NO!)

So now I sit in this cold little cell,
And try to figure why I went to Hell;
I didn't shoot guns, or cause bombs to fall...
I just designed them, that's all! That's all!

UPCOMING EVENTS:

I'll be at the WorldCon in Atlanta...I've requested "Performance" space, but I don't know if I'll get it...I'll try to make some of the Round Robins...and I've got a table, where I'll be selling filksong books and my own REC-ROOM RHYMES tapes in the dealers' room...

After that, it's the "Jewish Marathon", the High Holy Days, that takes up most of the time between August and November!

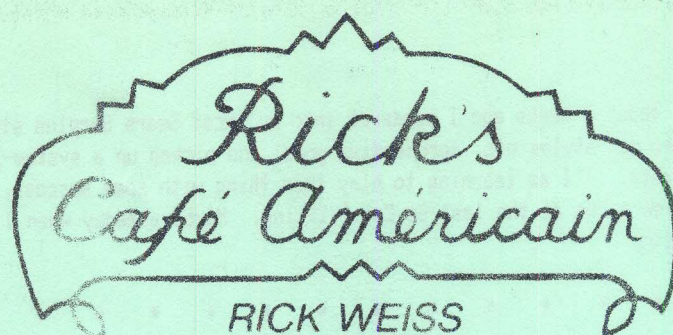
Once that's done, I'll be at the Platinum Anniverary Trek Con in Boston (gonna miss PhilCon, but one must make hard choices in this world)...and at the Thanksgiving Creation (ditto Darkover)...

Hope to see yez in Atlanta...

Keep on Trekkin!

Roberta Ryan

KEYED UP
Number 1
August 1986



RICK WEISS
Proprietor

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Woe to the APA! Once again, I've missed an issue. I came a bit closer this last time, so I'll start now with what I wrote, but couldn't get into the mail, for the May issue.

* * * * *

Well, folks, with a little luck and maybe a little more organization than was available previously, I may be able to make every issue instead of alternate ones. [Obviously not, but I tried.] The reason for this, which you may have noticed already, is the acquisition of Sam, an Atari 520 ST computer. He makes it a lot easier to write things up. Despite now having a computer, and in spite of good intentions to write up a file during the calendar quarter, it is now April 29 and we're under the gun once again to get this to the US Snail and heading for Brooklyn. So, this will a (short?) (one-page) ish. The major happening in the past months has been the occurrence of Bayfilk III. This was another great filk con put on once again by the Jello-bowl (a.k.a. Off-Centaur Pubs). Of course, it furnishes another entry into the never-ending debate of how do you run a filksing for 200 people without making everybody mad. This time around we had the major concert on Friday nite, followed by a small circle sing (because nearly everyone crashed after the concert, having had to work and/or travel that day). Panels etc. were Saturday afternoon (there is NO forenoon at a filk con!), and one-shot performances were Saturday nite, with a very special one-shot appearance by the 77th Division US Army Reserve Pipe and Drum Unit (a unique treat [at least if you like the bagpipes]). This was followed by a midnite (approximately) snack consisting of an ice cream sundae buffet and carrot cake. The sing got going again with a modified mob/performer bit where all songs done had to be some sort of sing-along, either an old familiar or a brand new song with an easy-to-learn chorus.

Sunday started with the highlight of the con, a special Challenger memorial program. Teri Lee and Co. truly outdid themselves in putting this program together, making it not just a bunch of songs, but a truly integrated program, which I'm sure will be long remembered by all who were present. Off-Centaur will be publishing a cassette of just the Challenger Memorial, and I will highly recommend, and even insist, that anyone who cares for the Space Program and the Challenger crew buy it. (And the fact that I will have a song on the tape, provided the author of the music used gives permission, has no effect on my judgement. Nearly all the other songs are better, anyway.) Following the Memorial, there was a crying break (and not a dry eye in the house), during which a number of people went off to drown their sorrows (alcoholically). This project met with some success. When things got going again, singing started up with a second batch of one-shots, mostly either more Space Shuttle songs that were not chosen to be included in the Memorial, or of some other songs that got shut-out of the Sat program because of too many requests to perform. The Con closed out (at least for me) after this with a traditional Bardic Circle.

Other important announcement:

At Bayfilk III, I started collecting names and addresses to assemble and pub a Filker's Directory. I have not heard of anyone else doing such a thing. Anyone who is willing to admit to being a filker and wants their name, address and phone number made available to other such people, send me a note with name, address, area code, and phone no. (for unlisted phones, please include only the area code). I currently have about 45 names, and expect to pub the first list when I get about 100 people on my list. Note that this is not limited to any geographical area, membership, or organization. When assembled, the list will be sold for copying costs plus a SASE. The list will not be used for any commercial purpose.

Other new of filkish note: about 3 weeks ago I wandered into my local Sears Surplus store (which is where returns, damaged, floor sample, old styles etc. merchandise goes) and picked up a system-2 OmniChord for a mere song. (About half of regular retail.) I am learning to play this thing with some success, as I was able to play the instrument lead for a few songs at the last So Cal Filksing. Maybe someday when I get good with the OmniChord I'll even learn to sing

* * * * *

To pick things up again in the present, it is now July 22, and here I am again. The only addition I have to the Bay Filk report is this: Off-Centaur has released their tapes from the Con. This is not a review of the *Challenger Memorial* tape so much as a caveat emptor. You will buy this tape. That is not in question. However, here is a warning on using it properly and safely: 1) Do not play it in your car. 2) Do not play it alone, unless you're ashamed to be seen crying. 3) Do play it with a small group of friends or family for mutual support. If this sounds melodramatic, I'm sorry, but it is mostly true. Even after being at the live program, and playing back the tape several times, I still choke up. It can be unsafe to try driving while crying your heart out. And if you're not teary-eyed by the time Mercedes Lackey's *Dreams* comes on, that song will do you in. If it doesn't, either you have iron control, or you have no emotions left.

On to more modern things. The recent news includes Westercon 39, a.k.a. Halleycon, held July 4th at the Town & Country Hotel in San Diego. Westercon 39 will be remembered (at least by me) as a very strange convention. None of the potatoes this time were bouncing, instead they had to wear track shoes. No matter where you were, where you were going was a long way away. And wherever you were going, there were at least 6 possible paths, 4 true ones, 1 short-cut and 1 wrong-turn dead-end. This gave the impression of a convention with no one there, because the fen were spread out over too many acres. Despite this, the reported membership was in excess of 2800, the largest Westercon yet!

I didn't arrive until Fri afternoon. What I heard about the Thurs sing was that it fizzled, flopped and was stillborn before it got out its first cry. Perhaps 6 (?) people showed up, and as quickly gave up. Too many people were still traveling or too tired from work and travel that day. Friday night was a different story. A goodly attendance was seen, 20-40 people at least, although there was a very high proportion of neos. Somehow, the regular performers were coming and going so that the sing never quite stopped for lack of guitars, but never had more than two at a time present. Some new songs were done, and a lot of old reliables, giving all those neos a fair enough intro to filking. Further details are unavailable for reasons I will explain in a bit. The sing finally broke up at around 3:00 AM. The Saturday sing was going strong after the masquerade (which was quite a good one, although I can't recall a Con masquerade with so little cake (beef- or cheese- that is). Nearly all of the costumes were quite modest (sigh)). I'm not sure how early it may have started. Teri Lee and Cathy Cook had come in and taken control, and were doing an evening of group songs, both requests from the crowd or performers' picks, so long as there was a sing-along chorus. While a very lively sing developed, they unfortunately seemed to have a blind eye and a deaf ear for the people present who wanted an occasional change of pace from the group sing-alongs.

One break in the action came when Bjo Trimble, who had been in the room next door, came in and asked if we would like to see a filk audio-video presentation, produced by a fan whose name I unfortunately don't remember. On general agreement, the folking wall was folded and seats pulled around to watch the screen. The show that followed was very funny! The visual presentation was a slide show from the *Star Trek* TV series, presented to the accompaniment of (naturally), *Banned From Argo*. The photos were a better match for the song's action than you might think would be available! This was followed up with similar slide shows illustrating *Both Sides Now*, sung by Leonard Nimoy, and *Time Warp*, from *Rocky Horror*! The last was especially hilarious. Look for these to be presented again at the next convention Bjo runs, they're worth it. After this delightful interruption, the sing got going again as before, with lots of group songs. The sing finally crashed out about 3:30, I think. I can recall some good performances from Brenda Kraven, Jordin Kare, Tera Mitchel, Paul MacDonald, and Cathy Cook. Jordin had to leave early, as he had been running on overdrive all week, not to print filkbooks for the con, as usual, but because he had just gotten authorization to begin running a summer camp for wayward astro-physicists beginning on Monday, 7 July. That is to say, he was hosting a week long conference immediately after the Con. Apparently, his largest remaining problem was whether to sing his song *Kantrowitz 1972* to Arthur Kantrowitz, who would be there, at the opening or closing ceremonies.

A lot of detail may be missing from this because both nights I was running in and out of the filk, making a round of the parties, and going back to the filk for a while. This left me with an overview, but few specifics of what was going on. One thing, however, was unmistakable. These were two of the *strangest* filksings I have seen at a convention, especially a major one like Westercon, in many years. With slight apologies to Roper and Flynt, it was like this:

NO PLAYBACK TOMORROW

*It was the strangest Filksing where we did not call the tune,
The strangest thing was not the moonlight filtering thru the room,
But the microphones that normally are tall as me or you,
Where nowhere to be seen, t'was not a single one in view!*

*No one watched the level meters with some headphones on their ears.
That little man who sits in back and everybody fears
Was nowhere to be seen, there'll be no playback for your ears,
Of all the sour notes, missed strings and broken chords.*

That's right folks! Not a single microphone put in appearance the whole convention! At most, there were about 2 or 3 (small) ghetto blasters, and even those were mostly unused.

* * * * *

Just a reminder here that I'm serious about doing that *Filker's Directory*. I've gort enough names now from Westercon to work towards a first edition sometime in September. If you, or anyone you know, wants to be included, send me the data! Also feel free to pass this on to all and sundry in other zines, APA's, etc.

Comments to May:

Anakreon: Who may use the RfP program? Dan Alderson at JPL is now unfortunately blind and may have use for it.

Jersey Flats: Right On! with your fannish peeves. I returned a "decline to vote" ballot to OVFF. Since it's impossible for all the "jury" to hear all the entries (people and songs), a "national" filk award is simply junk. Besides, many of the best filks are to borrowed music! Sad to say, worse is to come. Westercon 40 (Oakland '87) is planning on offering a cash prize for the best filk submitted at the Con. I think this stinks! My suggestion is for a Second Omnibus collection of RR Rhymes.

FDITD: I still haven't played back & indexed my own Bayfilk tapes, but when I do I'll listen for that duet. Do you remember which nite or what time?

* * * * *

Some personal stuff: The extra alert among you may have noticed a subtle difference in this zine. Like the new title. This is because the other half of the old "Taking Notes" pair, Mistie Joyce, is absent. To tell it bang, we've split up. She did threaten to maintain her own zine (Taking Notes) in APA-Filk, so she may be present elsewhere in these pages.

Also, I'm forming plans to visit the land of my birth, (Brooklyn - well, Long Island is close enough) sometime in the Sept-Nov 86 time frame. This is primarily to see my parents, who still live there, but if anyone knows of any Cons or fannish events to help me select an exact date, please drop me a line about it ASAP. Hope to see some of you Easterners in the flesh, and voice, then.

Rich White

The Last Of The Stewards

By Harold Feld
5 Hamlin Rd
Newton CTR, Ma 02159

Music: The Last of Barrets Privateers

They summoned us to fight Sauron
I wish I was in Rohan now
We came in answer to the call
To save brave Minas Tirath's Walls

Chorus: Goddamn them all, I was told
We'd fight this war for our sacred Lord
He swung no sword, was no sire
He slew himself on apagan pyre,
The last of the stewards burnt in fire

We watched Faramir flee Nazgul wrath
I wish I was in Rohan now
We watched Gandalf race out at last
and clear for Faramir a safe path

Chorus

Faramir fell ill from his last Stand
I wish I was in Rohan now
We begged our Lord to save our land
But he just held his dying son's hand

Chorus

While heads of friends fell at our feet
I wish I was in Rohan now
Our Lord crept to the Silent Street
Convinced that we would meet defeat

Chorus

Well the riders of Rohan came at last
I wish I was in Rohan now
But though they rode both hard and fast
The time to save our Lord had past.

TAKING NOTES
intended for APA-FILK 31
by Mistie M. Joyce
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The last Philkers Anonymous gathering was HUGE - over 40 people in a private house. It was a large house, true, but even so, we were packed. I hope this means that So. Cal. filking is coming out of its slump. Paul Willett showed up (something he hasn't been doing a lot of lately) and had THREE whole issues of PFNEN with him! Now he's only four issues behind. Sunday morning, us remnants of the night before went out for dim-sum, a new experience for me.

I've been doing very little writing lately, and even less finishing. Between moving (see new address above), last semester's classes (4.0!), and summer school, there hasn't been much time or inclination. Inspiration, yes, but that's a different matter entirely.

I've also found out that my cat does not provide an earthquake warning system. I thought they were supposed to . . . One of our recent little shakers woke me up, so I got out of bed to go find a doorway to stand in (they're reinforced, and less likely to fall on you, or so the authorities say). Up to this point, Sabbath had been happily snoring away at the foot of the bed. The moment my feet hit the floor, he went streaking for the kitchen, screaming "BREAKFAST! BREAKFAST!". This is obviously a cat with priorities. (This is also a cat on a diet.)

If anyone is interested, Lee Gold has a filkbook out called "Filker Up". The cover shows two gas pumps, one labeled 'regular filk', the other labeled 'high octave filk'. Lots of old stuff that isn't printed anywhere accessible, much of it very, very good. Also 'You Bash the Balrog' with four endings, also the sequel to it, called 'Ubasch the Balrog'. And, 'I Wonder What the Vax is Doing Today', 'Crottled Greeps', 'Reporters Don't Listen to Trufen', 'There's a Hole in the Stencil', 'Vampire Medley', and others. Filker Up can be obtained from Lee Gold, 3965 Alla Road, Los Angeles, CA. 90066. Send \$2.00 for the book, plus 65cents for the Post Awfull.

ROBERTA: Your version of "Few Hours" has a lot in common with David Bratman's version - like, some identical verses and the chorus. I knew that some filkers are telepathic, but this is the first time I've actually seen it in action.

HAROLD: re: Bob Asprin. At the '82 Westercon, Bjo Trimble had dragged in some Irish bar-singer, who took over the filk several orders of magnitude worse than Bob is described as doing in your song. Bob waited politely out of the circle until he was loudly and pointedly invited in, and kind of musically ran the other guy off. I, at least, was very grateful.

This is being typed on the Gold's computer, and I'm going to sign off now so that I can get back to the party. After all, it's MY birthday party. If I mail this off on Monday, it should get to the other coast in time. (I hope) Bye!

BEGINNING WITH THE NEXT MAILING, THE APA-FILK COPY COUNT GOES UP FROM 50 TO 60!!!

ANAKREON

#31, APA-Filk Mailing #31

1 August 1986

CORN IN THE U. S. A.

(To be sung, through your nose and at the top of your lungs, to the tune of "Born in the U. S. A.")

I was born on the day J. F. K. got in,
The first thing they took was a flap of skin,
Beaten like a dawg if I spoke a doubt,
Love your country or get the hell out!
CHORUS: An' that's corn in the U. S. A.!

Corn in the U. S. A.!
Corn in the U. S. A.!
Corn in the U. S. A.!

I liked Ron's patriotic stands,
Tore down Carter signs with my own hands,
I wanna fight in a foreign land,
Prove to the world that I'm a ree-yul man!
CHORUS:

I thought I'd go when Grenada blew,
Then it was over in a day or two.
I went to see the recruitin' man,
He said, "Just wait for another 'Nam!"
CHORUS:

Wanna yellow woman or a black or brown,
'Cause I sure can't get one in this here town,
Ron keeps sayin' that we gotta fight,
But I still hafta use my hand at night.
CHORUS:

But I got faith in our President.
We'll have a war, you kin bet the rent,
Libya or Roosha or Afghanistan,
Then I can prove I'm a ree-yul man!
CHORUS:

GETTING CAUGHT UP

First, in case anyone missed it, the copy count of APA-Filk goes up from 50 to 60, effective with the next (32nd) Mailing.

The extreme haste with which ANAKREON #30 was prepared meant that I was unable to get into it any mailing comments on the 29th Mailing. That means it'll be needful to do both of them here. Fortunately, I have the time now. I won't for the next Mailing, since I expect this fall to be a very busy academic season for me, as the spring was.

Covers #29 & #30: I see that my collage covers have so alarmed the rest of the membership that a cover was sent in for this present 31st Mailing.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time #14 (Middleton): Thanks for the ROC*KON report. If possible, could you and the other readers who send in reports of filking cons include any of the better songs that you heard?

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time #15 (Middleton): Once, a long time ago, I ran across the song you cite as "Abiezer Copp". (If my Hebrew hasn't deserted me, it's a scriptural name meaning "My Father helps." Names like that were commonly given among Puritans.) I vaguely recall this Copp as having been one of the religious enthusiasts that flourished after the English Civil War overthrew the Established Church and set up freedom of religion. Some of these enthusiasts preached doctrines so ridiculous that for decades afterwards the preachers of the Re-Established Church cited them as reasons why the country ought to have an Established Church.

(Another of these enthusiasts was one Lodowick Muggleton, a London tailor. It was Muggleton who first preached the belief, still heard in some parts of the U. S. south, that Jesus Christ was the only person who ever lived who was exactly six feet tall. I once cited this belief to my thesis adviser at Florida State University. He called it "the quantum theory of the New Testament.")

Jersey Flats #6 (Rogow): As you know, "High shriek the sopranos!" was sung again at NYClone I and was a big hit. Could you get us a full text for the next Mailing?

Where I was brought up, "Mary", "merry" and "marry" all rhyme with each other and with "hairy". I was born in California to midwestern parents. "Sari" doesn't rhyme with these, except for purposes of writing verses for "That Real Old-Time Religion". In collecting verses for that song, I have felt it better to be inclusive than exclusive, even at the cost of including some metrically and poetically preposterous verses. Incidentally, there'll be another collection of these verses in the 32nd Mailing, so any readers who've got hold of or composed any should send them to me by the middle of October.

The party at your mother's place last December was indeed a lot of fun. And I finally located Rachel Kadushin's address, so I shipped off to her the things I had promised her.

Singspiel #29 (Blackman): When I put Tuli Kupferberg's "This Train" into ANAKREON #29, it utterly slipped my mind that you had printed it three years earlier. I'm sorry I stepped on your contribution.

I haven't heard "Witches Just Wanna Cast Spells", but somewhere out there is a Madonna parody that goes: "Like a dragon, flying for the very first time..."

As the Peanuts cartoon points out, songs of separation and home-coming were very common during World War II: "We'll Meet Again", "We'll Gather Lilacs", "My Sister and I", "Kiss Me Once and Kiss Me Twice", etc. Now all we have are "So Long, Mom, I'm off to Drop the Bomb" and "We Will All Go Together When We Go".

ANAKREON #29 (me): Thanks, Roberta, for including my verses to "Mademoiselle from Tatooine" in the canon of your song.

I was mistaken when I described the present HMS Ark Royal as the tenth ship of that name. The present Ark Royal, a newly launched anti-submarine carrier, is the fifth of that name. The fourth, an aircraft carrier, was decommissioned in 1980.

Nuke the Kazoo #4 (Rubin): Not long after you came out with "Babylon is fallen..." Carl Sagan's novel Contact had some scenes which took place at a new (1990s) amusement park in Babylon, Long Island. An eccentric electronics billionaire built a theme park there, also called Babylon. The theme of the theme park is sex. It is eventually blown up by some Christian fanatics, if that's not a redundancy. I review Contact in the next issue of my fanzine DAGON (#339), which will be published in about two weeks.

I agree with your views on yuppies, but feel that most of them seem too young to have been hippies. Still, what the popular myths of our time are doing to the period 1964-1974 is a crying shame. I can remember that the 1950s were in many respects like the 1980s. Dream on, yuppies, and guess what causes your kids will be committed to...

L. Sprague de Camp tells an amusing story about the Scotsman who got lost in Brooklyn while looking for Myrtle Avenue. You'll find it in his essay "Language for Time Travelers", which has been reprinted in a collection of his work.

Singspiel #30 (Blackman): "Sex Potion 69" is very good. (I wish I knew the tune to the original "Love Potion Number 9".) Dr. Ruth Westheimer was formerly a member of the Brooklyn College faculty, but got dismissed. She thus joined the company of the physicist Melba Phillips, the philosopher Howard Selsam, and the German scholar Harry Slochower, all of major stature in their fields and all of them dismissed by Brooklyn College. In the last APA-Q, Bob Lipton noted the eminence on the stage of our professor of drama, F. Murray Abraham (Salieri in Amadeus and Malvolio in Twelfth Night) and observed "Goodness gracious! F. Murray Abraham is famous! Why hasn't Brooklyn College fired him yet?"

This is

O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves

1385

I guess my job is safe. I've never achieved any great eminence in physics.

Poking fun at Imelda Marcos, eh? I don't think you should criticize her until you've walked in her shoes...

Yes, the word "pon farr" does appear in "Banned from Argo". But I don't think a litigious TV executive could make a case out of that. Imagine a long legal opinion dealing with the meaning of what to most people are two nonsense syllables.

Jersey Flats #7 (Rogow): Roberta, you made the evening for both the LunaCon and NYClone filksings. And don't apologize about being off your best voice at either of those cons; most of us should be so good in our best voices. Thanks for the report on BaltiCon. It's good to hear that Greg Baker was there. We see and hear very little of him since he and Sharon moved to Maryland, and he hasn't even kept up his membership in APA-Filk. "Barret's Privateers" seems to be good song, both for itself and for filking. I heard it for the first time at NYClone I, and there's a filk to it by Harold Feld in this present Mailing. The song is unique in its meter and rhyme scheme, and a welcome change from the usual 4/4 ballad that can be sung to nearly any tune in that meter. The original song probably dates back at least to the War of 1812, to judge from its words, and throws in the face of the world the fact that we Americans are not an easy prey. Could you locate and print for us the words to "Khaddhafi's Privateers"?

I quite agree with you that the requirement of original music does not belong in a filksinging competition. But I don't know what can be done about it. Perhaps a compromise could be arranged, whereby nothing could be submitted if the tune was that of "The Ash Grove" or "The Battle Hymn of the Republic".

There really isn't much Conan filk yet, though we must remember that in the very first Conan story to be published, "The Phoenix on the Sword" (1932), Conan splits the skull of a bard. This would have to discourage such attempts. Still, with the movie series off and running, someone might try it.

"Conan's Privateers", maybe?

Filkers Do It Till Dawn V. 8, #1 (Groot): That Robert Asprin invasion of the all-night filksing at the 1984 LunaCon was either witnessed by a lot of APA-Filk contributors, or else he's done the same sort of things at other filksings. Your "Song of the Bar Chord" ("This filksing belongs to me.") is the best thing in the 30th Mailing.

And also, thanks for the report on the Filkcon. There are a lot of good filking s-f cons here on the east coast, but nothing specifically devoted to filk.

Isoscan #3 (Marcus): Your "See China and Buy" about tourism in China reminds me of the song that Poul Anderson put into one of his novels. It is to the tune of "Toora Loora Loora", and is probably a late piece of revenge for the Battle of Clontarf. The text is to the right, and I believe that it's also in one of the Westerfolk Songbooks.

(The thousandth anniversary of the Battle of Clontarf is only 28 years away. The Irish government, possibly in cooperation with those of Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, will probably throw a big blast for this event, which is famous in the legends of both the winners and the losers. It has appeared in several fantasy stories, including Robert E. Howard's "The Cairn on the Headland" and John Myers Myers' Silverlock.)

Yes, it is indeed egoboo when you pass by a group of filkers and hear them singing something of your own composition. It has happened to me at several conventions, and I must confess that I have yet to grow tired of it.

Nuke the Kazoo #6 (Rubin): "There's Fans on the Sofa" was sung at NYCone I. Once after crashing in a rather crowded room at a BaltiCon I did something on this theme to the tune of "The Irish Washerwoman", but I don't have the words to it now. I think I gave them to Fred Kuhn.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

The postage and/or printing accounts of several APA-Filk members who get their issues through me are listed below, as of 29 July:

Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Hugs Miller	\$18.90
Sean Cleary	\$5.66	Mark Richards	99¢
Paul Doerr	\$1.03	Roberta Rogow	\$2.88
Harold Feld	\$5.00	Kathy Sands	\$11.92
Harold Groot	\$3.76	Pete Seeger	\$7.71
Jordin Kare	\$6.99	Glenn Simser	\$18.64
J. Spencer Love	\$1.09	Beverly Slayton	\$9.46
Lesley Lyons	75¢	Peter Thiesen	\$13.16
Matthew Marcus	\$17.45	Sol Weber	\$2.95
Lois Mangan	\$18.43	Rick Weiss	\$4.79
Randall McDougall	5¢	Paul Willett	\$7.41
Margaret Middleton	\$1.55		

Including this present Mailing, your balance is now _____. Bob Lipton gets APA-Filk through his account for APA-Q. The cost for each APA-Filk Mailing is simply the postage it takes to send it to you, plus another 12¢ for the envelope. This is deducted from your account with each Mailing. If you do not have your own printing facilities, I can print Gestetner stencils for you at 2¢ per copy per sheet. (If you want extra copies sent to you for your own use let me know.) All extra issues of APA-Filk 'zines left over after collation will be returned to the contributor unless I am informed otherwise. Accounts that fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are Harry Andruschak -14¢, Dave Klapholz -62¢, Cheryl Lloyd -30¢, Dena Mussaf -87¢, Mike Rubin -42¢, Elliot K. Shorter -\$2.00, Dana Snow -15¢.

...AND THE COPY COUNT IS GOING UP TO SIXTY!!!

THE WITCHING HOUR

The next issue of ANAKREON, #32, will be the annual collection of verses for that notorious Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". These verses, which to the well-known tune sing the praises of various Pagan deities, have been collected in eight previous issues of ANAKREON, dating back to #6 in 1980. (ANAKREON #6 is now out of print. I reprinted ANAKREON #10, with the second supplement, when copies of the original printing ran out. I may do so also for #6 if a demand develops for it.)

Several ANAKREON readers, within the Craft and outside it, have complained that the verses in the last few collections have fallen off, both in quantity and quality, from those that appeared in the original collections. (Supplements have appeared in #8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, and 28.) I have the impression that the Pagans are now going through a phase where consolidation is more needful than is creativity. So far 559 verses have been collected, though I am informed that my editing has not been strict enough to prevent some duplication. A few readers are gleeful that the number of verses is approaching the allegedly fatal number 666, though that's the Christians' hang-up, and not mine or the Pagans'. (Revelation 13:18)

In ANAKREON #28 I made a special effort to include verses that had been sent to me in previous years but had escaped print and got lost in my files. If there are still any such verses extant, please send them in again, and I will make sure that they get into #32.

GRACELESS NOTES

ANAKREON is published on the first days of February, May, August, and November by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. (I have just found my 9-digit ZIP code, and you can try to see whether using it does any good.) ANAKREON is a bulletin of filk-singing, an activity which nearly defies definition but which might be characterized as putting parodic or satirical words to well-known tunes (or on rare occasions new ones), usually with subject matter in science-fiction, fantasy, war-gaming, role-playing gaming, or related topics. (Sex is a popular one.) ANAKREON circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association which

AS OF THE 32ND MAILING (1 November 1986) THE COPY COUNT OF APA-FILK IS INCREASED FROM FIFTY TO SIXTY. ANY CONTRIBUTIONS THAT FALL SHORT WILL BE SAVED FOR THE 33RD MAILING (1 February 1987) IN HOPES THAT SUFFICIENT ADDITIONAL COPIES WILL HAVE COME IN BY THEN.

 distributes filksong publications to its members. APA-Filk is collated at this address, usually on the first Saturday after the deadline date. Until and including this present Mailing, the copy count has been 50, but I notice that we've been running short of numerous back Mailings, and so in the last two issues of ANAKREON I have put before the members the idea of increasing the copy count to 60. I have received a couple of letters supporting this suggestion, and none opposing it, and so effective with the next (32nd) Mailing the copy count is 60.

For information on sending in your contributions, receiving the Mailings, and getting your own contribution printed, I refer you to "The Ministry of Finance" on p. 4.

There has been some question as to whether APA-Filk should be collated on the afternoon or the evening of the first Saturday in the month of its publication.

Time is more available in the afternoon, but there are more likely to be people here in the evening. Furthermore, some people have been in the habit of bringing in their contributions on Saturday evening, and would continue to do so no matter how much we talk about an afternoon collation. In fact, there have been contained in the last two Mailings a contribution from a member who usually gets here sometime around 11 PM, sometimes without calling in advance to let us know that he's bringing something.

And, with the subways in their present state, it is difficult to be sure of getting somewhere on time. (A massive re-scheduling has been necessitated by repair work, and the date for the completion of this work has been put off into the future so many times that we would probably be justified in regarding the new "temporary" schedules and routes as permanent.) Under the circumstances, I would strongly recommend that anyone who plans to bring an APA-Filk contribution here on the first Saturday of a collation month, and knows that he or she will arrive after 2 PM, should telephone and let me know. Collation can be postponed accordingly. My telephone number is 718-693-1579.

Out-of-town contributions have to arrive through the labors of the U. S. Postal "Service", which is another matter entirely, as Margaret Middleton has frequently discovered. With three months between Mailings, this shouldn't be a great problem, and contributors are reminded not to wait until the last minute.

*

Anyone new to APA-Filk, who wants back issues, can get them for postage. In addition to back Mailings of APA-Filk, I have some back issues of ANAKREON which went into APA-Filk Mailings that are now out of stock. Available back Mailings of APA-Filk, and their quantities at present, are:

16 - 7	19 - 5	26 - 5	29 - 2
17 - 5	20 - 8	27 - 6	30 - 11
18 - 10	22 - 2	28 - 3	

*

Everyone whose voice has broken on the words "And the rockets' red glare..." has sometimes wished that the United States of America had a national anthem that was a little more singable. This is a legitimate topic for a filksinging magazine, because a great many national anthems including our own are to tunes that already exist. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is to the tune of an 18th-century English drinking song called "To Anakreon in Heaven". Nor would it help to instead sing "America", which had almost equal status with "The Star-Spangled Banner" when I was a schoolboy. The tune is the same as "God Save the Queen", though when played as the British national anthem it is always more stately and ponderous. Furthermore, it was originally the German "Heil Dir im Siegekranz".

This question came up again recently when Representative Andrew Jacobs Jr. (Dem., Indiana) observed that "America the Beautiful" is a more moving song, and has a bill before Congress to make it our national anthem. An editorial in the 23 February 1966 Newsday observes that "'America the Beautiful' has a more lyrical melody and is easier to sing." Furthermore, "The Star-Spangled Banner" has been our national anthem only since a 1916 executive order by President Wilson, which Congress did not get around to confirming until 1931. While the Newsday editorial urged the public to at least think over this suggestion, it was indignantly rejected in a 1 March editorial by the foreign-owned New York Post, which said, "Embarrassed by the frank tribute to the nation's heroic struggle for self-preservation, the Indiana Democrat would rather celebrate its inventory of real estate." The Post also tartly observes that while Newsday favors separation of church and state, it supports a song with five references to god over one whose first three verses are entirely secular.

("God shed his grace on thee" appears in the first verse of "America the Beautiful", and there are other references in later verses. In the fourth and last verse of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is the line "praise the power that hath made and pre-

(continued on p. 8)

A LETTER FROM MIKE AGRANOFF

In ANAKREON #29 I described a visit to the Good Coffeehouse when Mike Agranoff was playing. Although I enjoyed the music, I expressed some ideas about the ineffectiveness of the songs of the 1960s, an era to which Agranoff referred in his comments on his songs. He replied in a letter of 11 February 1986:

"I was a little puzzled as to your reaction to your experience of that night. It seemed as if you were reacting to a preconceived notion as to the purpose and atmosphere of the Good Coffeehouse as a forum for expression of various views and ideas on how to improve or save the world. I went back and reviewed my set list from that night and found that I did not do a single song that could have been even remotely construed as being 'socially significant'.

"Today, twenty years after the great 'folk scare' of the sixties, such songs of social significance form only one part of the general folk milieu. My purpose (and the purpose of the Good Coffeehouse and other establishments of its ilk) is not to save the world. My motivations are real simple: I enjoy the hell out of the music and I like it when a lot of people clap for me. The coffeehouse's motivations are similar: The folks running it like the music and they like it when 50 or 100 people come into their establishment because it offers the music. If a 'message' gets delivered in the process, why all well and good, but that's not its raison d'etre. Those places whose purpose is to convey a message have, as you surmised, fallen on hard times or even by the wayside (People's Voice Cafe, for example). Those coffeehouses that survive and thrive today are places of entertainment. Now, while perhaps not as noble as it might be, that is no evil thing in and of itself. You had a nice time, didn't you?

"If you peruse the Good's schedule, you will see what I mean. You'll find songwriters, blues players, Irish and old-timey musicians, and yes, the occasional political singer. They and others all fall into that acoustic polyglot which today is termed 'folk' for lack of a better cubby-hole in which to put it. So, do go back to the Good, but not to get saved; just to have a good time. You will."

Agranoff is probably right. There has, however, been a little trouble in going back to the Good Coffeehouse, which used to meet on Friday evenings in the Ethical Cultural Society building in Brooklyn. I haven't received any mailings from the Good Coffeehouse since January. When I telephone the number that they give, I usually get a recorded message from the Ethical Cultural Society, even at times that the Good Coffeehouse gives as the hours that should be called. I tried to get my name back on their mailing list, but the person who took my address didn't do so. The next time I called, I got a singularly unmannerly individual who refused to take my name and address. A couple of Friday evening visits to the place found it closed and dark - once in May, and once again just this week. Yet their listings continue, probably through inertia, in the Newsletter of the New York Pinewoods Folk Music Club. If anyone has any more definite information about the Good Coffeehouse, please send it to me and I'll pass it on to the rest of APA-Filk.

There was a more definite expression of 1960s nostalgia on 29 May 1986. As announced in the May issue of the WBAI-FM Folio, it was "The Great '60's Ball", held at no less a location than the Fillmore East, that great mecca of '60s music on the Lower East Side. When Fred Kuhn informed me of this upcoming memorial blast, I expressed some doubts about it, but he later told me it had been a terrific party. I am sure that everyone had a good time (Country Joe and a light show!) but I still can't help feeling that the whole affair was a little pathetic. Past eras cannot be magicked back into existence, and lost causes cannot be won in retrospect. (If enthusiasm, music and nostalgia could do that, the Confederate States of America would now be a working reality.)

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 6)

served us a nation". Francis Scott Key did not capitalize the word "power" but it is the modern usage to do so. A little later on, he declared: "And this be our motto: In God is our trust." Some 30 or 40 years ago that did indeed become the official motto of the United States of America, apparently under the assumption that an Atheist cannot be a loyal citizen.)

Newsday threw the question open to the readership. Of 70 letters that came in, 54 favored the change, while 11 opposed it, and 5 took no stand on the matter. One "Theme of the proponents of change was the more pacific character of 'America: the Beautiful'". After all, "The Star-Spangled Banner" celebrates one incident in one war. The letters favoring a change point this out, and urge a less warlike song. But most of the supporters of the present anthem love it because it is a war song. One protested that too many liberals were on the Congressional committees that would take up the matter, though I haven't the remotest notion as to what liberalism may have to do with peace. The argument then went over into the good grey pages of the New York Times, and in the Times of 20 July a former ASCAP board member named Gerald Marks tried to lift the odium of "drinking song" from the national anthem's tune. "The Anacreontic Society in London was not a drinking club," he claimed, "but a very 'high type' club featuring the Sir Winston Churchills and Sir Laurence Oliviers of that day. Incidentally, the club served liquor." He went on to claim that the tune was a hit in this country under the original title, and had been a campaign song under the titles "Adams and Liberty" and "Jefferson and Liberty".

Another proposed alternative has been "God Bless America", written about 50 years ago by Irving Berlin. This song certainly agrees very well with the popular contemporary idea that the United States of America is under divine favor in precisely the same way that Israel was in ancient times, and is pursuing its obvious goal of universal dominion under divine guidance. How the born-again Christians who believe this will reconcile this song with the fact that its author is a practicing Jew is a problem, but it's not my problem.

That leads us into the question of hymns, and whether some of them may not be suitable for the hymnals of our age, but time presses and this topic will have to be deferred to another issue.

ANAKREON #31

John Boardman

234 East 19th Street

Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302

FIRST CLASS MAIL

As of the next Mailing of
APA-Filk, the copy count
becomes

SIXTY

See page 5 for details.

UPHEAVALS

being a fill-in zine in lieu of SAM'S SONG and/or THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME perpetrated by Margaret Middleton, who won't be at 902 N. Fargo Apt. 105, Russellville AR 72801 much longer.

Morris's internship here at the Russellville center winds-down at Labor Day, and he has been offered a Real Job in Little Rock, which means we are gearing-up to Move Again. No exact new address yet; the offer just finalized and we are just barely starting on house-hunting. Move-date will be on or shortly after the Labor Day weekend (still debating exact logistics).

How's this for a fillo? Sharon Amanda was 2 in the middle of June, and Wal Mart had one of their itinerant baby=photographers in about a week before that, so we went in for her first "formal" portrait session. Right at first, she was not too sure about being plonked onto the target-table by this unfamiliar person, but it did not take her long to twig that he was TAKING HER PICTURE, whereat she began to mug shamelessly.



